SAFE AND SOUND;

AN OPERA:

IN THREE ACTS,

PERFORMED AT

THE LYCEUM THEATRE,

LONDON.

WRITTEN BY

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Author of "Killing no Murder;"—"Tekeli;" &c. &c. &c.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HOOK, SEN.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE somewhere heard an Opera called a "*String to hang Ballads upon;*" the following is but a flimsy thread---let me hope that some allowance will be made, when it is considered that it was written in less than a week---to introduce the music from the pen of my dear father, was my object. I sought no reputation from a piece which entirely depended upon him; and the admirable mode in which he has composed it, prevents the possibility of my gaining any:—for whatever applause SAFE AND SOUND has met with, to him and the performers I am indebted.

To Mr. Dowton, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Horn, Mr. Penson, Mr. Oxberry, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Wewitzer, I am much obliged for their exertions; and to Mrs. Mountain, as well as Mrs. Orger, I return my sincere thanks for their ability and will to serve the piece. Miss E. Bolton claims my thanks.

I cannot conclude without offering my acknowledgments to Mr. Arnold, for his suggestions as a friend, and his liberality as proprietor.

T. E. H.

CHARLOTTE STREET,
September 4, 1809.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Baron de Bevern - -	Mr. Dowton.
Lindor - - - -	Mr. Phillips.
Albert - - - -	Mr. Horn.
Jaumbert - - -	Mr. Penson.
Peter - - - -	Mr. Oxberry.
Sturm - - - -	Mr. Smith.
Womsberg - - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Corporal - - -	Mr. Doyle.
Annette - - -	Mrs. Mountain.
Rosara - - - -	Mrs. Bishop.
Jeannetta - - -	Mrs. Orger.
Nenette - - -	Miss E. Bolton.

Soldiers, Peasantry, &c. &c.

Scene, Prussia.

SAFE AND SOUND;

AN OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Baron de Bevern's Park, bounded at the back by a Wall five or six feet high.—When the Curtain rises, various groupes of Peasants are discovered twisting up Garlands of Flowers—Peter giving Directions.*

CORO.

Come ye lads and lasses gay,
Merry, happy, trip away,
Mirth and pleasure ringing round,
To the pipe and tabor's sound.

PETER.

That's right, twist away my lads and lasses—that's right, the Baron will soon be amongst us—now then run to the pavilion.——It is his Lordship's pleasure that we have a dance to-day—make up your wreaths—run along—run along.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet PETER.

There; I have conducted myself as a master of the ceremonies should, and faith I am master of all the ceremony in the company, for not another soul in the set uses any.

This feast of the Baron's to-day is in his usual style of liberality—every thing that is worth doing, is worth doing well, says his Lordship——therefore did he hire me--to be sure, the absence of the young Count Albert is a little check to our brilliancy—they say his Majesty, Frederick, will not suffer him to leave his regiment.——I fear there is some other cause; for the Baron of late has been dull, and his daughter silent; and those, for a merry gentleman and a young lady, are two very extraordinary things.

Ha! here comes old Jaumbert the steward of the castle—he is one of your crying philosophers that see every thing on the dismal side—but, as he knows more than any body else of this family's secrets, I'll e'en question him a bit.

Enter JAUMBERT.

Ha! Mr. Peter, your servant.

PETER.

Good morning, Sir—fine weather, Sir.

JAUMBERT.

Fine weather? umph———

PETER.

The sun shines.

JAUMBERT.

Sun—sultry.

PETER.

There's a fine fresh air too.

JAUMBERT.

Fresh air?—easterly every breeze—ague—ague.

PETER.

Well, thank Heaven, I am in good health.

JAUMBERT.

Aye, aye, so you fancy—wait a little—give it time—you look flushed—ill—heated—by and by you'll be as miserable as I am.

PETER.

Oh! you abuse yourself unjustly, Sir.

JAUMBERT.

Not I—there never was so miserable an old man as I am—from the highest circumstance in my life to the lowest, every thing is wrong.—— If I am ill, the doctor's out of the village—if I'm thirsty, the key of the cellar can't be found—if I am hungry, all the cold meat is given away; so I can neither get victuals, drink, nor physic to keep me alive, and if I were to die to-morrow, dam'me if I think they could find an undertaker to bury me.

PETER.

There's your daughter.

JAUMBERT.

A weathercock—when I bid her like one man she———

PETER.

————likes twenty, I suppose.

JAUMBERT.

You suppose wrong—you always do—when I bid her like one man, she likes another.

PETER.

She's very accomplished.

JAUMBERT.

Yes, I had her taught music—she sings love songs—she wrote, and no sooner got into *joining*

hand, than she began to scribble love-letters.—I taught her grammar, and at nineteen find her——

PETER.

————able to spell you and put you together. Oh! Sir, what does this signify?—you always look on the ugly side of every thing.

JAUMBERT.

I do—particularly when I am talking to you.

PETER.

That's personal, Mr. Jaumbert—but I can bear it better than you have done your temper lately—tell me, what has made you so much more melancholy than usual within the last two or three weeks?

JAUMBERT.

Oh!—devil's work—-mischief—-mischief—for the last fortnight I have stopped all letters addressed to the Baron, and all Miss Annette's letters too.—And, hark ye, Peter—if his Lordship asks you whether he has received all *his* letters——

PETER.

I'll be mute as a mackerel.

JAUMBERT.

That's wrong——

PETER.

Well—as—loquacious as a chamber-maid.

JAUMBERT.

Worse—be discreet, and answer his Lordship as if you were unconscious that his letters had been stopped—be neither so chattering as to disclose it, nor so silent as to create suspicion.

PETER.

I understand—when his Lordship asks me about the letters—I'll say—my Lord—there are a great many come every post, but Jaumbert has ordered me to bring them to him, and————

JAUMBERT.

Blockhead—worse and worse.

PETER.

Well now—tell me why you take these precautions, and not a word shall pass my lips ?

JAUMBERT.

Oh——why——I————

PETER.

Aye, ever since that large pacquet came with the black seals——

JAUMBERT.

Hush—be quiet—don't mention it—you'll break the Baron's heart—be careful——

PETER.

There is some secret in all this————

JAUMBERT.

I know there is—could you keep it.

PETER.

That I could.

JAUMBERT.

So can I.

[*Lindor appears getting over the wall.*

PETER.

I say, Jaumbert—do you see—a man's head over the wall ?——

JAUMBERT.

A head——it's a tree.

PETER.

There again———

JAUMBERT.

A tree, I tell you.

PETER.

What! in a green coat?

JAUMBERT.

To be sure—all trees have green coats—you are a simpleton.

PETER.

May be so—I'll get my gun and hold parley with that tree, for I'll swear I saw a head.

JAUMBERT.

Come, come along—have done with your idle tales about heads.——It was a trunk—a tree.

PETER.

It was the trunk of a man with a head on it.

JAUMBERT.

Psha!———

PETER.

I'll be damn'd if it wasn't a man. [*Exeunt.*

(Lindor jumps over the wall.)

LINDOR.

Two voices—I was not deceived—all night have I travelled on foot, and now venture my life for an asylum—the wounded figure of Albert de Bevern still haunts me.—Oh! Albert de Bevern, why did I lift my hand against my friend? —To whom I wonder do these domains belong.

---Is he generous, I am safe---if he delivers me into the hands of justice, I am lost.---The order of the king, that officers convicted of fighting duels shall lose their lives, will be put in force against me——ha! some one comes.

Re-enter PETER *with a Gun.*

PETER.

Who's there?

LINDOR.

'Tis I—

PETER.

And who the devil's I—a thief?

LINDOR.

No.

PETER.

A deserter?

LINDOR.

No.

PETER.

A murderer?

LINDOR.

Not I—I have no arms.

PETER.

No—but you are holding mine.

LINDOR.

Where am I?

PETER.

In my master's park.

LINDOR.

Who is your master?

PETER.

What! don't you know.——I thought every fool knew that.

LINDOR.

Are you attached to this castle?

PETER.

Yes, very much attached to it——I likes it vastly.

LINDOR.

I mean, are you one of the suite—the set of domestics?

PETER.

I am, Sir—and a damned sweet set we are too.

LINDOR.

In whose service are you?

PETER.

My master's,

LINDOR.

Who is he?

PETER.

The Baron de Bevern.

LINDOR *(aside.)*

The Baron de Bevern! gracious Heaven—father of the friend I have murdered——Albert's father—I am lost—I am lost.

PETER.

Lost! that accounts for my having found you here then.

LINDOR.

What am I to do?

PETER.

Why, I argue thus—if you are not a thief, a murderer, nor a deserter—you have robbed nobody, killed nobody, nor run away from nobody—now, in that case, if I were you, I'd care for nobody, and would stay exactly where I was; the Baron's a good, kind, noble creature, and his daughter———

LINDOR.

——— Annette——

PETER.

True; how did you know that?

LINDOR.

I have heard of her——the wife my Albert destined for me. *(aside.)*

PETER.

And here she comes, her friend Rosara by her side; I'll introduce you, Sir.

LINDOR.

I cannot encounter them.

PETER.

Oh, dash it, don't be delicate—a man who makes nothing of jumping over a wall into a gentleman's company, surely may address a lady without much fear—all you have to do is to make a pitiable story—you'll get into their hearts as you got into their grounds, by surprise—only make yourself out the most miserable of human beings, and it will be the luckiest thing in the world for you.

[*Lindor walks up the stage.*

Enter ANNETTE *and* ROSARA.

ANNETTE.

Who is that gentleman, Peter?

PETER.

I really don't know, Ma'am.

ROSARA.

What is his business?

PETER.

I did'nt ask, Miss.

ROSARA.

Who does he want?

PETER.

As near as I can guess——I can't tell.

ANNETTE.

Where does he come from?

PETER.

Out of the road.

ANNETTE.

How?——

PETER.

Over the wall, my Lady.

ANNETTE.

What does he say?

PETER.

A good deal—to which I pays not no attention, seeing as how I thinks he is mad———

ANNETTE.

Mad—oh, horrid—let us retire.

ROSARA.

Oh, shocking—mad!——

PETER.

Yes, for love I count.

ANNETTE.

For love! poor young man.

ROSARA.

Oh—poor fellow.

PETER. *(aside.)*

Now's your time, go and be cursed miserable—you happy dog.

LINDOR.

Madam, I tremble at my imprudence, in having thus intruded myself.—Obliged to fly my country, and nearly overwhelmed with fatigue, I ventured to—to what shall I call it!—to———

PETER.

To jump over a wall—that's it—what do you mince the matter for?

ROSARA.

Who can he be?

ANNETTE.

Who knows but he is in love with you or me?—If he is, his ingenuity in getting here, at least deserves our civility.

ROSARA.

The Baron de Bevern, Sir, will rejoice to see you; he has taught all those around him to commiserate misfortune.

ANNETTE.

It was his earliest lesson to me—and, as his doctrine is so sound, I don't think I should ever have a better opportunity of displaying my phi-

lanthropy than the present, *(aside to Rosara)* when my brother returns———

LINDOR.

O Albert!

ANNETTE.

You know him?

LINDOR.

By his virtues, Madam.

ANNETTE.

He will be here to-day.

LINDOR.

(Aside.) They are yet ignorant of his fate—unhappy family!

ANNETTE.

We will speak more of him when you have been introduced to my father.—Peter, go forward—I will attend you—Rosara, follow us.

ROSARA.

I will. [*Exeunt Annette, Lindor, and Peter.* This then is a friend of my Albert's—much I fear some ill has befallen him.—Yet why call him mine?—he has forgotten that Rosara lives.—Man, man!—why is it you take pleasure in falsehood?

SONG.

By nature form'd the heart to warm,
In manners gentle, mild, and free;
With talents, sense, and wit to charm,
Young Albert fondly knelt to me.

Superior merit wins our love—
Of all my heart was he possest,
'Twas reason bade the maid approve,
I smil'd consent, and he was blest.

Too soon to wield the hostile spear,
He sailed across the distant main;
His bright eyes beaming through a tear,
He sighed, "We ne'er shall meet again."

Too just his words—though safe returned,
False as the wind, my love I see;
In vain his absence long I've mourned,
He never will return to me.

SCENE II.---*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter JEANNETTA *and* PETER.

PETER.

Psha!—damn it—I don't know who he is—I don't care who he is—what a plaguy thing is notoriety—no sooner does a man become notorious, than all the women fall in love with him—no sooner does a fellow choose to affect singularity by tumbling over a wall, than I—I—who was till now the life and soul of the establishment, am slighted and forgotten.

JEANNETTA.

Well, I should like to know who he is—he is so elegant, so handsome—and moreover, he is——

PETER.

A man—say that—I can account for all the rest.

JEANNETTA.

Don't be cross.

PETER.

I hate such variable jades—you have known me longer than this new comer.

JEANNETTA.

Wherefore, I wish to be better acquainted with him.

PETER.

And so you'd give me up for a———

JEANNETTA.

Give you up—what do you mean?

PETER.

Why, I mean that—you love me, and I love you, and———

JEANNETTA.

Oh you do, do you?

PETER.

Yes, I read your thoughts in your eyes.

JEANNETTA.

Keep them to yourself then—they are not much to your advantage.

PETER.

Oh, Jemini, how this wallflower has turned your brain—three days ago you said you loved me.

JEANNETTA.

Three days ago!—do you expect my passion to last for ever?—unconscionable man.

PETER.

Oh, this is the way.

JEANNETTA.

What, are you jealous?

PETER.

Jealous—I—I—jealous—come, that's a devilish good joke—jealous—no—it is'nt in the power of any little silly flirting coquette to ruffle my temper—I jealous—I don't value—your love a straw—no, not half a straw—no—he—he—he—

not I———but dam'me if I don't shoot the first fellow I see—twiddling the tip of your little finger.

JEANNETTA.

Oh, Mr. Philosopher—your temper is not to be ruffled—you don't care a straw about her.——Ha, ha, Mr. Lover—you are caught—the snare has succeeded.

SONG.

JEANNETTA.

Young Cupid has plenty of darts,
Young Cupid has got a strong bow,
With which he wounds gentlemen's hearts,
And the arrows fly swiftly oh—oh!

Once wounded, the wretched young swain,
No pleasure, no comfort can know;
Persist—he redoubles the pain,
While the arrows fly swiftly oh—oh!

Your mistress and patience, no doubt,
Are the only two cures that I know;
Be angry, and pull the shaft out,
You'll die, my dear lover, oh—oh!

PETER.

I'll pay my ransom on your lips.

JEANNETTA.

Stay—stay, not so fast.

PETER.

Hush—here's your papa, by all that's uncomfortable.

JEANNETTA.

Get away then——leave me alone.

PETER.

No—leave me alone—for love—I understand it in all its branches—empassioned as a hero têtê-á têtê—cool as a cucumber before company—— mum——

Enter JAUMBERT.

Pooh, I'm tired—this comes of walking—ha! what are you doing, Miss?

JEANNETTA.

I—Sir—I—nothing, Sir.

JAUMBERT.

And what are you doing, Sir?

PETER.

Helping her, Sir.

JAUMBERT.

Well then, go to the Post Office and get to-day's letters—now recollect what I told you—bring them to me—you understand—to me—now no blunders—recollect, *to me.*

PETER.

I—make a blunder—no—Sir, trust me—I wonder what Old Sour Crout came here for.

[*Exit.*

JAUMBERT.

Hark ye—why do you suffer Peter to be talking to you in this way?

JEANNETTA.

He hasn't been talking in that way, Sir, to me.

JAUMBERT.

Why do you let him talk to you at all?

JEANNETTA.

I can't stop his tongue.

JAUMBERT.

Why do you listen ?

JEANNETTA.

I can't stop my ears.

JAUMBERT.

Tell him his conversation is disagreeable.

JEANNETTA.

Ah ! but you have taught me to speak truth.

JAUMBERT.

And do you speak truth to him?

JEANNETTA.

Yes ! and he to me.

JAUMBERT.

So you fancy—what ! he has made you believe he loves you ?

JEANNETTA.

I know he does—for, instead of being lively and laughing all day, he sits and sighs—and whenever he gives me any thing, he squeezes my hand, as if————

JAUMBERT.

Oh ! what, it's come to this, is it—an impertinent puppy.

JEANNETTA.

Lord ! he's as good as I am—he's an honest husbandman.

JAUMBERT.

A husbandman—you want no husbandman—go—go, you forward jade, and get my hat and cane—I'll go to the Baron, and when Peter comes back from the Post Office, I'll give him a lesson on the subject of squeezing hands.

JEANNETTA.

He wants no lessons, I assure you.

JAUMBERT.

Oh! he's a *perfect* rogue, is he—go, fetch my hat.

JEANNETTA.

Yes, Sir. [*Exit.*

JAUMBERT.

So this is the way the hopes of a family are all kicked down by a cursed ploughman, with his squeezes of the hand—Oh yes!

SONG.

[The words of this Song belong to another Opera, and cannot be printed here.]

[*Exit.*

Enter LINDOR *and* ANNETTE.

ANNETTE.

My father is waiting to receive you.

LINDOR.

Ten thousand acknowledgments, Madam.

ANNETTE.

On my brother's return, I hope we shall be able to make the castle more agreeable to you.

LINDOR.

Alas! (*aside*) it cannot be more agreeable than at the present moment, in my opinion.

ANNETTE.

Pray, Sir—since you appear to be acquainted with my brother—do you happen to know—a young officer in his regiment, called Lindor?

LINDOR.

I have heard of him, Madam.

ANNETTE.

He was honored with a knighthood for his valour—I am very jealous of his accomplishments, for my brother has told me that his talents give him not only claim to a place in my mind—but even in my heart.

LINDOR.

I—I—envy him his happiness, I am sure——

ANNETTE.

Happiness———

LINDOR.

To be esteemed by you—must be the height of happiness.

ANNETTE.

Oh, Sir, spare yourself the trouble of inventing compliments—they do not gratify me—I have heard enough of man to laugh at flattery.

LINDOR.

Nay, you are severe—what would to others be flattery, is common justice to you.

ANNETTE.

Pray give over, I understand your art.

SONG.

LINDOR.

Nay—well I know that girls are oft' taught to believe
That man would embitter their youth,
And thence they infer that we mean to deceive,
At the moment we're speaking the truth.
Though this caution is prudent, 'tis surely unjust
That the mind have so prejudic'd a view;
'Tis rankly illiberal, it must be confess'd,
To censure the many for the few.

In nations and communities we always shall find
Some members unworthy our care;
But cruel it would be thence to influence the mind,
And draw a conclusion unfair.
Nay women I have seen, by me not traduced,
When I call them ungentle, untrue;
But would it not be wrong, if, like you, I were induced,
To censure the many for the few.

Enter JEANNETTA *and* ROSARA.

ROSARA.

Come child, the Baron is waiting for you.

LINDOR.

I hope I am not to blame in having detained you?

ANNETTE.

Oh no, Sir—we shall be able to obtain your pardon, I dare say——where is my father?

JEANNETTA.

In the pavilion, Madam.

ANNETTE.

Will you conduct this gentleman to him, and we will follow immediately?

LINDOR.

Let me hope that you *will* follow immediately.
[*Exeunt Lindor and Jeannetta.*

ROSARA.

So, so—Miss Annette—now this young stranger is arrived, I am to have none of your company—is he very agreeable?

ANNETTE.

Why, really as a man—he's tolerable enough—and then his knowing my brother and Lindor.

ROSARA.

Oh! admirable reasons indeed—I think his knowing your brother's sister has gone a great way further in his favor than any thing else.

ANNETTE.

What, do you mean to accuse me of liking him particularly in half an hour?

ROSARA.

Heaven forbid—love's sorrows generally counterbalance its sweets—come, follow me. [*Exit.*

SONG.

ANNETTE.

The rose that weeps with morning dew,
And glitters in the sunny ray,
In tears and smiles resembles you,
When love breaks sorrows clouds away.

The dews that bend the blushing flow'r,
Enrich the sweets, renew the glow;
So love's sweet tears exalt his power,
And bliss more brightly shines by woe.

[*Exit.*

Enter PETER.

Two letters—one a young one, and t'other a huge pacquet—both for the Baron—I must go find Jaumbert, and—How I should like to know the secret—yet it's no business of mine, and so here goes—I must give him this immediately—expedition's the thing in every work.

[*Exit Peter.*

SCENE III.—*The Park.*

Enter the BARON *and* JAUMBERT.

BARON.

Psha! you are always suspicious—all men should be considered innocent till they are found guilty.

JAUMBERT.

He may be a villain, my Lord.

BARON.

So may you—by the same rule—where is he?

JAUMBERT.

Here, my Lord.

Enter LINDOR, ROSARA, *and* ANNETTE.

ANNETTE.

My father, Sir.

LINDOR.

Sir—I—I dare not look upon the father of the friend I have destroyed—(*aside*)—my coming here may excite some unpleasant ideas in your mind, Sir.

BARON.

What—what do you take me for, Sir—as to the manner of your coming—the greater pains a man takes to pay me a visit, the greater care I should take to make him welcome—and if you are in distress, whether you come in at the door, or over the wall—I'll give you a warm shelter from the storms of adversity.

LINDOR.

Sir—the secret———

BARON.

Don't tell me any secrets—I am an arrant old gossip at the tea-tables in this neighbourhood—

There cutting up characters is called an innocent sport, and people's reputations are destroyed to kill time—I shall blab your whole story in order to make myself agreeable—don't tell me any secret—if you choose to—account for your jump, there, you may.

LINDOR.

Certainly, Sir—*(aside)*—I must invent some falsehood—I—I—I have been, Sir—for two years very warmly attached to a young lady at——— where the deuce shall I say—(*aside*)—at—Berlin.

BARON.

Berlin—that's singular, I know all the ladies of Berlin, from fifteen to fifty-five—what is her name?

LINDOR.

Her name, Sir—what a question—*(aside)*—her name—Julia de Langsdorff.

BARON.

What—Julia de Langsdorff, why, damn it, you are joking—she used to nurse me—rabbit backed, ferret eyed, as thin as a thread paper, and as tall as a church steeple.

LINDOR.

Confusion—(*aside*)—she loved me, Sir—that was enough.

BARON.

Quite—you need say no more—if you were running away from Julia Langsdorff, there is quite sufficient excuse for jumping over my wall, even if it had been three feet higher.

LINDOR.

Your Lordship misunderstands—it is not the tall, ugly, disagreeable Miss Langsdorff—(I shall get into disgrace for my bad taste)—it is a pretty

little Miss Langsdorff, whose sparkling eyes told me what her prudent tongue denied—she loved me—we eloped—her father overtook us, and has procured an order from the government to arrest me.

ANNETTE.

Poor girl, how I pity her—where is Julia, Sir.

LINDOR.

You may believe me, when I assure you, I do not know.

BARON.

Well, Sir—and where do you come from?

LINDOR.

Dresden, Sir———now I think I have got out of his knowledge.

BARON.

Dresden—what is your name?

LINDOR.

I recollect but one———Steinburg, Sir.

BARON.

Dresden's my native town, Sir—and your father my schoolfellow—a steady little boy he was—I hope he is well, Sir?

LINDOR.

Very well, Sir—I am obliged to you.

BARON.

Has he any children beside you?

LINDOR.

Yes, Sir—seven—four boys, and three girls.

BARON.

The last time I saw him he was learning his multiplication table—and now with a family about him—well, Sir, you have jumped into a good house for your purpose—I have influence

enough with your father to make up all differences between him and old Langsdorff—if it is money that keeps you apart from Julia—I'll bring you together, and if old Langsdorff turns you out of his house—why—you shall come and live in mine.

JAUMBERT.

Dangerous, my Lord—if this story gets wind—unfortunate couples will make a lover's leap of your garden wall, and we shall have pairs popping over every day in the week.

BARON.

Silence, Old Croaker—never mind this sour gentleman—I'll undertake your affair, and I'll be a father to you—that's what I will—though I never saw your mother.

ANNETTE.

Come, Sir, the tenantry wait to pay their respects.

ROSARA.

And to welcome the stranger.

QUINTETTO AND CHORUS.

ALL.

Haste we then to taste the pleasure,
Unexpected meetings give,
Joy not dream't of is a treasure,
Wand'ring strangers oft' receive.

Enter PETER *with a Letter.*

PETER *(to Jaumbert.)*

A letter I've got with a seal so black,
And here it is for you, Sir.

JAUMBERT.

Be quiet you blockhead—go—prithee stand back,
Is this what I told you to do, Sir?

BARON.

What have you got there?

JAUMBERT.

Oh! nothing's amiss.

BARON.

(To Peter, who holds the Letter behind him in the right hand.)

And what in your hand?

PETER *(shewing the left hand)*

Nothing in this.

BARON.

In t'other.

PETER.

(Changing the Letter from one hand to t'other.)

Nor this.

BARON.

——————— So much the better,
What means all this sly contrivance,
Between them there's some connivance?

ROSARA *and* ANNETTE.

Oh no, Sir, 'tis nothing.

LINDOR *(aside.)*

Confusion.

BARON.

So much the better, Sir.

JAUMBERT.

Say of him the most,
He's as dull as a post!

PETER.

A post—yes, for carrying letters.

BARON.

A letter, where is it?—nay, now I command.

PETER *(crying.)*

Oh! dear Sir, I've lost it.

[He holds it behind him, Annette sees and takes it.

ANNETTE.

'Tis here in his hand.

PETER *(finding it gone.)*

'Tis not in my hand.

BARON.

'Tis here I insist.

JAUMBERT *(trying to get it.)*

Oh prithee desist.

ANNETTE *and* ROSARA.

Oh give up the letter,
Indeed you had better.

LINDOR.

Confusion—its lost.

JAUMBERT.

My wishes are crost.

BARON.

The letter's not lost.

BARON.

If this letter is for me, why not give it me?—If it is not, why fear to deliver it before me?

JAUMBERT.

I am a miserable old man—he will know all.

LINDOR *(aside.)*

Wretched Lindor!

PETER.

I am a cursed bad post-man—I'll post off.

[*Exit.*

ANNETTE.

Father, your looks terrify me.

BARON.

Looks—Oh, my child!—why have I lived to this?—Albert—my—boy—my dearest Albert is murdered.

ANNETTE *and* ROSARA.

Murdered!

BARON.

My child is murdered—by a villain in a duel!

LINDOR.

I cannot bear it—I must leave you.

BARON.

Leave me—leave me, Sir—look at my grey hairs—my poor heart is breaking—I sheltered you in my prosperity—my hopes are blasted—will you forsake a wretched parent?—You have been sent to me to avenge my cause!

LINDOR.

What can I do?

BARON.

Oh, Annette—what's to be done?—I will discover the villain—I will—I'll——read *Steinberg*, read.

LINDOR.

I cannot.

ANNETTE.

What does the letter say?

BARON.

It refers to others.

JAUMBERT.

Yes—which I intercepted to prevent your unnecessary anxiety.—The last I received, announced that Count Albert was still alive.

LINDOR.

Alive!

BARON.

Alive!—thank Heaven.

JAUMBERT.

But few indeed are the hopes of his recovery.

ANNETTE.

Where is his friend—his Lindor—why did he not write?

JAUMBERT.

I fear he was the antagonist, Madam!

BARON.

Impossible—my boy is good-natured, volatile, thoughtless—but Albert could'nt quarrel!—If Lindor lifted a pistol against him, he is a scoundrel.

LINDOR.

A scoundrel——there are circumstances.

BARON.

None—that can warrant murder!—Stay, there is still a hope of Albert's safety!

ANNETTE.

I trust there is!

BARON.

To-night I'll set off for Berlin—you shall attend———

LINDOR.

My Lord, I must obey!

BARON.

And, till then, let Hope gild the clouded scene misfortune has presented us!

GLEE.

When grief assails the human heart,
Hope lends her sure and cheering light,
As does the taper's lambient flame,
Shines as more dark appears the night.

Here, while in sorrows deep we grieve,
Still does the ray illume the breast,
Hope's soothing smiles our cares relieve,
And tells us we shall soon be blest.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Enter ANNETTE.

Well, really this Mr. Steinburg, for the son of a mere merchant, has certainly the most gentlemanly assurance I ever met with. It's well that my tenacious brother is not here, or I don't think we should have quite so much of each other's company: and, yet, we agree prodigiously. He says I am handsome and agreeable, and I think him so. Custom has given him liberty to speak his feelings: but, if I admire ever so much, I must be silent. Yet a man must be dull indeed not to make out one's meaning.

SONG.

When Love excites the virgin sigh,
In solitude the suff'rer mourns;
For custom bids the maid deny
That which her heart with rapture owns.

But Nature, kind, the want supplies;
She bade poor woman not despair
For words refus'd:—she gave her, eyes,
And man may read his sentence there.

Enter LINDOR.

ANNETTE *(Aside.)*

Here again, as I live!—Where have you left the Baron, sir?

LINDOR.

Left him!—really——What, your father—Madam——Why, no; I have not left him. I—I——

ANNETTE.

He requested you to walk round the grounds with him.

LINDOR.

Did he? Oh! yes, he did—he did, I recollect: but I feared I might tire him with my company.

ANNETTE.

But which you did not fear would tire me.

LINDOR.

I did not mean it should: but, really, the views are so exquisite, and the prospects so charming.

ANNETTE.

My father could have shewn them to you.

LINDOR.

No; there is always something in every landscape you can point out better than any body—always something to explain that nobody can describe except yourself—that I—I—

ANNETTE.

—I—I—Why, you seem a little confused!

LINDOR.

A littled dazzled rather, madam—when in the society of so superior a being: admiration and awe together.

ANNETTE.

Stop, Mr. Steinburg: no flattery.

LINDOR.

Flattery! Upon my honour.—How is—

ANNETTE.

How is----Miss Julia Langsdorff, of Berlin?

LINDOR.

Who may she be?

ANNETTE.

What, disown the girl you ran away with!

LINDOR.

Ran away from, rather. I had forgotten her name, I declare. *(Aside.)*

ANNETTE.

Do not say ran away from, for my dear father intends reconciling all parties. He will see her father to-night, and will write to your's to-morrow.

LINDOR.

My interests could not be in better hands: but—I—

ANNETTE.

What! not so anxious about Miss Julia?

LINDOR.

I confess I—

ANNETTE.

Oh, what? An hour's acquaintance with a new face has obliterated an old attachment!

LINDOR.

No—no; do not think me so fickle. There is no Miss Julia.

ANNETTE.

Oh, Mr. Steinburg! Mr. Steinburg! I have done with you. What! no—mother and father —no elopement—no rescue—no garden-wall, Mr. Steinburg?

LINDOR.

Yes; but by all the softness of those eyes—by all the sweetness of those lips—

ANNETTE.

——and by all the weakness of that head!

LINDOR.

Nay, but I swear—

ANNETTE.

I will not hear. It can be of no interest to me to know whether there is a Miss Langsdorff or not: remember, it makes no difference to me; therefore take no trouble.

LINDOR.

It makes all the difference in the world to me; for here do I solemnly protest!

ANNETTE.

Now you are too serious, sir. It remains no longer optional—I must not hear you.

LINDOR.

Listen.

ANNETTE.

Not another word.

LINDOR.

Stay!

ANNETTE.

No!

DUETT.

LINDOR.

To rove with thee, what pleasure!
What pain from thee to part!
My life's first, only treasure;
Dear idol of my heart!

ANNETTE.

Be hush'd this declaration,
Ne'er ventur'd on before;
Or dread a separation:
We part to meet no more!

LINDOR.

And can you blame my feeling,
Or slight a lover's tear?

ANNETTE.

I blame you for revealing
A thought I must not hear.

[*Exit Annette.*

LINDOR.

There, it's all up:—I have commenced the open war too soon—frightened—flatter'd her. This will throw me back—unskilful dog! so, this is my gratitude for the Baron's hospitality. Love, it is in no man's power to conquer; but it is in every man's power to avoid objects likely to increase it. I will be philosopher enough to quit this little paradise of sweets.

Enter the BARON.

BARON.

Well, my young friend:—chattering with Annette again.

LINDOR.

The lady was so good as to shew me some very beautiful views.

BARON.

Hah! I know what sort of a beautiful view you mean—a pretty face. Eh!—don't deny it: a man need never be ashamed to own a feeling, which, if he did not possess, he would not be a man at all. I like you—I like to see a

fellow laughing and loving all day long. Your damned sulky silent ones have all their mischief in their hearts.

LINDOR.

I am glad to find you make allowances for youth.

BARON.

I never forget I was young myself. My poor boy has his father's spirit, too—poor fellow! yet why poor? He may be saved—he will be saved. I'll not despair; I shall be at Berlin with him by and bye—and talking of that as I shall see her to-night.—What sort of a girl is Julia?

LINDOR (*Aside*).

Oh, curse Julia! Why, sir—she is—is—

BARON.

Come, come; don't be alarmed. I have in my time tickled up a few of their hearts; but it's gone by, and, like a finger post at a road's end, I point the way I cannot go myself: but you may tell *me*:—no fear of my cutting you out. Whenever you hear of a young lady of twenty marrying an old gentleman of three score, depend upon it he is the youngest lover that ever offered.

LINDOR.

I am not alarmed, sir.—She is—sir—about—about the height of Miss Annette, sir.

BARON.

Never mind comparisons.

LINDOR.

Hey eyes, sir—are—are—

BARON.

About the same colour as *Annette*'s, I suppose.

LINDOR.

I don't exactly know what colour her eyes are:—her lips are—so—so—

BARON.

Oh, you dog! I understand. 'Tis not, perhaps, her eye, her cheek, or her lip, in which the fascination is contained: 'tis Julia altogether.

(SONG) BARON.

Throughout my life the girls I've pleas'd,
So merry, so blithe, and gay;
I've coax'd, I've flatter'd, I've sigh'd, and teaz'd,
And stole their young hearts away.
With their lips so red, and their eyes so bright,
Their nut-brown locks and their teeth so white,
The lasses were always my delight,
And I am the boy for them.

With my cap'ring—tap'ring—twirling toe,
My billet-doux note or letter a;
My sighing—pining—whining—oh!
My person—eye—etcetera!

My taste is wondrous civil, too;
For mark, ye ladies; this—
There's nought you say, there's nought you do,
To me can come amiss.
If serious be your turn of mind,
To grunt and groan I'm then inclin'd;
But, if you'll laugh, why still you'll find
That I'm the boy for you.

With my cap'ring, &c.

Then as to person, what of that?
Of all the girls I've seen,
If they've been plump, I've lov'd them fat;
If thin, admir'd them lean;

And as to height, make no ado;
It matters not, I tell you true,
Whether two feet six, or six feet two,
Still I am the boy for you.
With my cap'ring, &c.

Enter PETER.

PETER.

Oh, dear!—O dear, sir!—they are coming.

BARON.

Who—who are coming?

PETER.

Oh, there'll be the deuce to pay! Oh, sir, five hundred soldiers on horseback are at the gate: they'll be coming up stairs in a minute.

LINDOR (*Aside*).

'Tis for me they search.

BARON.

They are, doubtless, in pursuit of Albert.

PETER.

Yes, they are running after a man who has ran away, because he has had the misfortune to be honourable enough to shoot his friend.

LINDOR.

What's to be done?

BARON.

Tell them I attend them. But you must have exaggerated the number.

PETER.

Oh! perhaps there mayn't be five hundred; but I am sure there were eight or ten of them; for I went quite close to them within about a

hundred yards; and the commander, I thought, from my air and manner, took me for you, my Lord; and he said to me, says he—

BARON.

Go, sir—go and tell them I come.

PETER.

I will, sir.

[*Exit Peter.*

BARON.

What causes this alarm, Steinburg?

LINDOR.

My Lord, it is because I am not Steinburg that this alarm is caused.

BARON.

Not Steinburg! What, is there no Julia Langsdorff, with her lips, and her eyes, and her—

LINDOR.

No, sir.

BARON.

Why, you are in love with an invisible girl.

LINDOR.

Not so neither: I am ashamed to meet your looks.—Let me ask you, sir:—If the man who would have killed your son was in your power, what would you do?

BARON.

Deliver him up to justice.

LINDOR.

Is there no circumstance under which you could forgive?

BARON.

Impossible. The constitution prescribes a line of conduct, sir. I obey the laws; not make them.

LINDOR.

So cruel an edict as this would tarnish a glorious reign. Justice is the greatest gift of kings; mercy, the noblest attribute of thrones.

BARON.

Sir, if my son survives, he will be subject to that law: I cannot screen another, then.

LINDOR.

You would deliver up his opponent?

BARON.

Decidedly.

LINDOR.

He is before you, sir: 'twas by my hand that Albert fell.

BARON.

Your's!—You the destroyer of my boy!—you that I have sheltered—you that have deceived me—you that came like a blight to wither up my hopes and expectations!

LINDOR.

By Lindor's hand I say he fell.

BARON.

Lindor, too!—his dearest friend!

LINDOR.

Confessed.

BARON.

What could induce your visit here?

LINDOR.

Accident, my Lord.

BARON.

Well, sir:—my conduct must be regulated by the feelings of humanity.

LINDOR.

I am content to meet my fate.

BARON.

You may be—you must not meet it here: you would have destroyed my son,—not knowing that I told you I would shelter you. I shudder at your presence; but, sir, my word is pledged; you are here sacred. At night fall I will give you the fleetest of my horses:—you shall escape. The rights of hospitality shall not be violated.

LINDOR.

Do not destroy me with kindness.

BARON.

Your dress now will betray you. In Albert's wardrobe you will find some suits you can wear:—pass for my secretary; but let not my daughter know that you are Lindor, or that you have raised your arm against her brother's life; spare her that knowledge, and at night you shall quit us. I'll send my servant to you;—he shall attend you: rely on me. The duties of a father and a subject are, perhaps, the most important a man has to fulfil; but there is a feeling of honour which prevents my delivering up to punishment the man who claims protection in the hour of need.

[*Exeunt.*

LINDOR.

Admirable man! how shall I ever repay this conduct? Would that his daughter felt a little interest for me! In her are blended every charm for man.

SONG.

Matchless is the girl I love,
And graceful is her shape and air;
No flow'r that wantons in the grove
Is half so fragrant or so fair.
But, ah! these charms will soon decay,
As fades the flow'r by wint'ry wind;
Nor could they make this heart a prey
Without the beauties of the mind.

The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye,
The ruby lip, or dimpled smile,
May force from youth the votive sigh,
But ne'er shall bind me in their toil.
'Tis from the soul—the heart alone—
That pleasure truly we can find;
For, when the transient charm is gone,
Dear are the beauties of the mind.

Enter PETER.

PETER.

I've, come, sir, to attend you by my master's orders.

LINDOR.

Noble man!

PETER.

My master? he is a nobleman indeed: he was made so by his majesty about four years ago. Well! here I go, waiting maid to a single gentleman.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROSARA.

ROSARA.

The arrival of these soldiers augurs some news from Albert:—his protracted absence and his dangerous wounds keep me on the rack; and yet he has forgotten me.—The female heart is certainly more constant; for though it can receive many suitors with equal warmth while it remains indifferent to all, when love makes the impression, time vainly endeavours to erase it.

SONG.

Fancy's visions, like the sand,
Ev'ry idle mark receive;
Lines are drawn by ev'ry hand,
Which no lasting impress leave.

But when with assiduous care
Love engraves his image deep,
Each impression painted there
Truth and virtue ever keep.

[*Exit Rosara.*

SCENE II.—*A Village; on one Side, the Door of a little Inn. Albert and Sturm enter cautiously from the Top of the Stage.*

ALBERT.

That was a narrow escape, Sturm; they passed very near us. We are now so completely in the neighbourhood of my father's castle, that if, as I suspect, the guards are in pursuit of me, they will no doubt be doubly strict in their search here.

STURM.

Wait here a moment, sir, while I endeavour to reconnoitre the left turning of the village.

ALBERT.

I will. [*Exit Sturm.*] How every object in this village recals my youthful pursuits! My dear Rosara, too—lost to me and to the world—brought to an early grave! Here I again imagine I behold her. There is a pleasure in the thought, though 'tis a melancholy one.

SONG.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While under ev'ry well-known tree
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And ev'ry tear is full of thee;
Should, then, the weary eye of grief
Beside some sympathetic stream
In slumbers find a short relief,
Oh! visit thou the soothing dream.

Enter STURM.

STURM.

They are approaching.

ALBERT.

What's to be done?

STURM.

This public house seems the most private part of the village.

ALBERT.

How are we to get in?

STURM.

Ask admittance.

ALBERT.

Can we trust the landlord?

STURM.

He has often trusted me.

ALBERT.

Come, then; speak.

TRIO.

ALBERT and STURM.

Within, there, prithee hear us,
Weary on our way:
Some shelter give to cheer us;
Faithfully we'll pay.

NINETTE. *(At the door.)*

My father roams abroad, sir;
And, when he's not within,
Though I may wish it much, sir,
I can't take strangers in.

ALBERT and STURM.

No strangers, Miss, are we,
Though strangely here we roam:
Admit us; you shall see
We make ourselves at home.

ALL.

Then open—prithee hear us,
Weary on our way:
Shelter give to cheer us;
Truly we will pay.

NINETTE.

Here is my father: he will answer you, sir. [*Enter Womsberg.*] Father!

WOMSBERG.

Vell? vat is dat fader for?—Oh! de fellows is here again—for vat af you de fellows here?

ALBERT.

We simply seek a lodging.

WOMSBERG.

Simply enough here! I af no beds; so, if you sleep in my house, you sleep upon de vloor—dat will be board an lodging too.

STURM.

Well, we are not particular. Make haste, and get in. *(Aside.)*

NINETTE.

Oh, father! I dare say we shall be able to accommodate the gentleman.

WOMSBERG.

De devil doubt you; you are all accommodating enough ven de handsome young man vants a lodging.

ALBERT.

This purse may, perhaps—

WOMSBERG.

Yes, it vill. Tere is de door: go in. De chink of de gold make a de tink tink of a bell which I always answers. Shew de gentleman in.

[*Exeunt Ninette and Albert.*

STURM.

I say, landlord, what is your name?

WOMSBERG.

Michael Nicholas Kreutzer Van Womsberg.

STURM.

A great name.

WOMSBERG.

A devilish long one.

STURM.

Pray, are there any soldiers here now?

WOMSBERG.

I tink dere is zom dragoons; for dat my hen-roost vas robbed last night, and my bar-maid is run away.

STURM.

Have you seen any—

WOMSBERG.

Yes; dey stopped me on de bridge, to ask if I shoot a man in a tuel. I said, Look at me: I am not gentleman enough to kill my vriend.

STURM.

And they let you pass?

WOMSBERG.

One of them holded de pridle of my orse; so I told him to let go. He held it still. I say instantly, You desist from my orse, or presently I shall vip your face.

STURM.

Do you think I could pass—

WOMSBERG.

Yes; you don't look too much like a gentleman.

STURM.

You, then, are master of this house?

WOMSBERG.

Yes; ever since mine pore vife vas dead.

STURM.

Will you lend me your apron?

WOMSBERG.

For vat I should lend you my apron?

STURM.

I ask it as a favour.

WOMSBERG.

Vell, I vill.

STURM.

Now, I'll take your character.

WOMSBERG.

De sooner de better: it is a tam bad one in dis country.

STURM.

I will receive all visitors that come.

WOMSBERG.

Agreed: you'll haf but little trouble.

STURM.

Tell your daughter she is to look upon me, and behave to me as to your waiter.

WOMSBERG.

I vill: you shall be my vaiter. Vait outside de door.

[*Exit Womsberg.*

STURM.

Now I can behave rudely to these soldiers, and so prevent their coming in. A precious life we're leading here! If we stay in, we are sure to be found out; and, if we are found out at all, we are lost for ever. But no complaining: 'twill be all one a thousand year hence.

SONG.

Why so serious? why so grave?
Man of business, why so muddy?
Thou thyself from chance can't save,
With all thy care and all thy study.
The world was as bad before thou wert born,
And a thousand years hence—'tis all one.

Why so troubled? why so sad?
Grieving mortals, 'tis a folly:
A pound of pleasure's not so bad
As one ounce of melancholy.
The world &c. &c.

Hark! the guards come.—Now courage, Sturm.

MARCH.

Enter a corporal and eight soldiers.

CORPORAL.

Halt. Who are you?

STURM.

A man.

CORPORAL.

What's your name?

STURM.

The same as my mother's.

CORPORAL.

Who was your mother?

STURM.

A woman.

CORPORAL.

Where do you live?

STURM.

Here at this moment.

CORPORAL.

And how do you live?

STURM.

As well as I can.

CORPORAL.

I want some wine.

STURM.

So do I.

CORPORAL.

I must have some.

STURM.

Must is for the king.

CORPORAL.

I am for the King: I represent his Majesty Frederic.

STURM.

Why, then, you are a damn'd ugly likeness of him; that's all.

CORPORAL.

Come, I don't like you.

STURM.

Nor I you: there's no love lost.

CORPORAL.

I shall search your house.

STURM.

So you shall. What, for wine?—what shall I do? I'll shut this door, and so get round and

warn them. I'll go round, and let you in. This door is fast: here, come round this way.

CORPORAL.

Now, Mr. Rough, we'll prove you.—March!

[*Music takes them off.*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of the Inn; nearly in the Centre of the Hut a Door opening outwards leading to a Staircase. Albert, Ninette, and Womsberg, at a Table.*

ALBERT.

Ten thousand thanks, my dear, for your attention.

NINETTE.

'Tis my duty to serve you, sir.

WOMSBERG.

Yes; and its vonderful how dutiful she is ven her inclinations are cratified.

NEUFTETTO.

Enter STURM.

ALBERT.

What means this noise?

NINETTE.

What means this fear?

STURM.

Be quiet, be still—
The guards are here.

NINETTE.

But why all this terror?
'Tis a murderer they seek.

ALBERT.

Oh! where shall I fly?

NINETTE.

Is it you?

ALBERT.

Yes; it is I.

STURM.

Be silent, be still, and take my advice:
Stand fast where you are; they'll be here in a trice.

ALBERT.

We have no cloak, no disguise,
To cheat the mind, or blind the eyes.

STURM.

Be steady.

Enter the soldiers. As they come in, Sturm, standing at the foot of the stairs, opens the door so far back as entirely to conceal Albert.

SOLDIERS.

Come shew us the place; let it soon be reveal'd:
In this house, we suppose, our man is conceal'd.

STURM.

'Tis an error indeed, and you'll find so ere long:
You've made a mistake; depend on't your wrong.

NINETTE *(goes to the corporal).*

Will you, sir, deign to hear me speak?
Within this house, I know 'tis true,
You'll find the man you seek.

ALBERT AND STURM.

Confusion! what's she saying?
Our confidence betraying.

CORPORAL.

How say you--where--I'll list to you.

STURM.

Sister, nay sister, 'tis not so.

NINETTE.

I surely better ought to know;
I shewed him to his chamber
Not half an hour ago.

ALBERT, STURM, AND WOMSBERG.

Well thought of; she saves us.

CORPORAL.

Is't there, then, he braves us?
Up stairs let us go.

NINETTE.

Hush'd be the noise—he'll be alarm'd:
Go altogether, for he is well arm'd.

SOLDIERS.

Come, then; up the stairs ascend:
Thanks, fair lady, gentlest friend.
Duty's dang'rous—service hard—
Here we gain the full reward.

At the moment the chorus is over the last man is up the stairs: she rushes to the door, and, shutting it to, bolts it, and then runs to Albert.

NINETTE.

Away, away,
Nor moment stay;
Through the forest lies your way.

STURM.

Hark! they're descending.

ALBERT.

I'll away. [*Exit Albert.*

STURM.

Undraw the bolts—they're here.

Enter Soldiers.

He's gone, he's gone, for ever fled!

WOMSBERG.

Has he deign'd to leave de bed?

STURM.

Would he had remain'd there still!

WOMSBERG.

Zounds! he has not paid his bill.

SOLDIERS.

Then farther must we travel
This mazy country through,
This myst'ry to unravel,
But leave our thanks with you.

End of Act II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter NINETTE.

THIS was the favorite retreat of Rosara, when Albert last was here; and here, by the moon-light beams, has she made me sing her favorite ballad, while tears trickled down her beautiful cheeks, as if the unfortunate Mary's sorrows were her own.

SONG.

'Tis he my William come from sea,
His swelling sail I view—
The hours alas, how sad to me,
Since last we bid adieu.

"Quick launch the boat," fond Mary cried,
"I'll join the jovial crew;"
Alas! she's whelm'd beneath the tide,
Short dreams of joy, adieu.

Plung'd in the sea intent to save,
Poor William perish'd too;
Soft pity's tear augments the wave,
Adieu! fond pair, adieu.

NINETTE.

Hither Count Albert is to come—little did I think, in saving him, who I was preserving—he imagines Miss Rosara to be dead, I have not undeceived him, but I have requested her to come here—I will contrive a happy meeting for these faithful lovers—ah, he is here.

Enter ALBERT.

ALBERT.

True to your appointment, Ninette.

NINETTE.

Yes, my Lord—this was Rosara's favorite walk—here have I strayed with her, and heard her speak of you.

ALBERT.

Here then will I remain till night fall—here every object will recal the form of my dear, dear Rosara.

NINETTE.

If you are superstitious, my Lord, this is no safe place, for they say that spirits walk here o' nights—I leave you—*(aside)*—Rosara's coming—I have fulfilled my office of guide—don't be alarmed, Sir. [*Exit Ninette.*

ALBERT.

Alarmed! why should I be alarmed! This her favorite spot makes me almost fancy her alive.

SONG.

Blow cold, blow chill, thou northern wind,
Yet would I hail thee soft and kind,
Were thy lov'd breezes but inclin'd
To waft my Rosa hither.

Bright in her bower dwelt my fair,
Sweet as the songsters of the air;
None sure with Rosa could compare,
Oh would that I were with her.

Cupids on her bosom stray,
And among her ringlets play:
Graces revel on her lip,
And the ruddy sweetness sip;
Ne'er was maid however rare,
Half so witching, half so fair.

[*He goes up the stage, and is lost among the trees; and, as he retires, Ninette, Rosara, and Jeannetta steal on.*

ROSARA.

It is my Albert.

JEANNETTA.

Oh! 'tis he, beyond all doubt—but, for my part, if he were the Pope of Rome, he should be no lover of mine after his inconstancy.

ROSARA.

He has not been inconstant.

JEANNETTA.

Never to have written to you for three years, Madam—now that in a lover who can write, is unpardonable.

ROSARA.

But he was taught to believe me dead.

JEANNETTA.

Why, then to be sure, writing to you would have been but of little use.

NINETTE.

He has declared to me that he received an account of Miss Rosara's death while he was in Italy.

JEANNETTA.

Stay, stay, here he comes—stand aside—if he speaks of you, Miss, we shall hear, and if you find him constant, rouse him from his sorrow with a favorite song———away. [*They retire.*

Re-enter ALBERT.

ALBERT.

How this well-known grave recals past scenes of pleasure—how have I heard Rosara's voice with extacy—her favorite air dwells on my memory still.

AIR, ECHO AND QUINTETTO.

ROSARA.

If constant still, no longer rove,
For soon shall Albert meet his love,
Soon will he gain a faithful heart,
And meet his Rosa ne'er to part.

ALBERT.

What sounds are these that charm the ear?
Rosara!

ROSARA *(echo.)*

Rosara.

ALBERT.

Is there an echo here?

ROSARA.

——An echo here.

ALBERT.

Speak to me.

ROSARA.

Speak to me.

ALBERT.

Is it Rosara?

ROSARA.

It is Rosara.

Enter STURM.

Where wanders my master in this gloomy grove?

ALBERT.

List—list—to the voice of Rosara, my love.

ROSARA.

——My love.

STURM.

Pooh—pooh—'tis the echo.

ROSARA.

The echo.

ALBERT.

Come on.

ROSARA.

Come on.

ALL.

Let's follow the sound—there's something in this,
'Tis Rosara that calls to a region of bliss,
'Tis echo——Hush——Hush——Hush!

SCENE II.—*A Garden of the Castle.*

Enter LINDOR *and* PETER.

PETER.

There, Sir—there—you look quite different from what you did when you first came—you look, for all the world, like my young master, and he's a gentleman.

LINDOR.

I am flattered by your compliment.

PETER.

Any thing else, Sir, can I do for you?

LINDOR.

Leave me if you please.

PETER.

Leave him—why he doesn't like my society—well, he is a good looking man enough—but damn his taste, that's all I say. [*Exit Peter.*

LINDOR.

Noble Baron—to shelter me—to protect me from my pursuers.—I should feel anxiously for the moment of Albert's return—but then fall my hopes of Annette.—Oh woman! thy charms can soothe us in adversity, and give new zest to pleasure—'tis thou alone that mak'st it worth man's while to live—in thy defence, it is his duty to die.

SONG.

LINDOR.

Woman first and greatest treasure,
Man on earth can ever know,
From thy charms, what bliss, what pleasure,
What bewitching transports flow.

When in sickness, griefs oppress us,
You our weary moments cheer;
You, whose soft endearments bless us,
Wipe from sorrow's eye the tear.
Woman first, &c.

When in tented fields contending,
Hostile swords assail the breast,
How we conquer while defending,
Her on earth we love the best.
Woman first, &c.

[*Exit Lindor.*

Enter the BARON *and* JAUMBERT.

BARON.

What, Old Sour Crout—what does it signify—what are you grumbling at?—Hah! Mr. Steinberg, give me your hand—my boy is safe, and I have received a letter from him, wherein he repents his quarrel with Lindor—gives him the best character in the world, and longs for a reconciliation—my old heart dances again.

LINDOR.

I rejoice, for the sake of human nature, that his friend is not what you thought him, Sir.

BARON.

No—that gentleman's appearance at first deceived me.—Hark ye, Mr. Jaumbert—this gentleman is my secretary—d'ye hear?

JAUMBERT.

Then I suppose I must go, my Lord—you'll have no need of my services.

BARON.

That's right, Old Dismal—suspect me of discarding an old friend for a new one—my boy is safe—from one peril—but, alas! the punishment of death hangs over his head—the guards are in the village, and will be here soon.

LINDOR.

The guards?

BARON.

Yes, Mr. Secretary—and when they come, I'll avert their barrels with bottles, and repel their grape-shot with bumpers of wine; every body shall laugh to-day.

JAUMBERT.

You'll never get rid of them, my Lord.

BARON.

Why then they shall stay here—I'll have all the grenadiers in the service to dine with me if I like—they guard the produce of our country, and I am the fellow to bestow that produce upon the natives who deserve it.—My maxim is, to encourage merit in our own countrymen, rather than squander our wealth upon the myrmidons of our enemies.

Enter PETER.

PETER.

There are half a dozen drag—drag—ons, Sir, at the gate, who want to come in.

JAUMBERT.

Dragoons—you fool—am I to let them in, my Lord?

BARON.

Yes—by all means.

JAUMBERT.

Come, Peter.

PETER.

Peter comes. [*Exeunt Peter and Jaumbert.*

BARON.

Mr. Secretary, as you are a military character, I don't advise you to hide yourself in a ditch. But if you should happen to be missing in this moment of danger, nobody can call your prudence in question.—Discretion is the better part of valor—but harkee, young man, before you go,

I have another subject to talk to you about.—You see I have been young, and I—I—know—a little about the—tricks and the——Oh you young dog—you understand me.

LINDOR.

Why, Sir, I———

BARON.

Yes, and I—have looked after you—what makes you so devilish fond of running about with my daughter?

LINDOR.

Annette, Sir?

BARON.

Yes, Annette, Sir—she is Annette, Sir, and my daughter—and she has caught you, or I mistake.

LINDOR.

Really.

BARON.

Did not you squeeze her hand at dinner?---didn't you, when putting on her shawl, keep your hand round her waist three seconds longer than necessary, and be cursed to you?---didn't you stick yourself next to her at table, and——Eh---eh---you sly rascal.

LINDOR.

Sir, I didn't know, I wasn't conscious———

BARON.

——that I saw you---but I did---I saw it all---sly old fox---used to do exactly the same myself. La! I was a devil among the girls---never spoil sport---it would have made you look like a couple of fools---but I have one caution---whenever y

want to be tender, never mistake an old man's toe for a young lady's.---If I had had the gout---curse it, I must have cried out---and there would have been a pretty business——Eh---eh.

LINDOR.

Upon my word I---I---I---

BARON.

I---I---I---I understand your I's better than you do yourself--now what do you think of my girl?

LINDOR.

That she is perfection---a divinity.

BARON.

A divinity.- -If you were to make her an offer, you'd find a prodigious deal of humanity about her, or I'm mistaken.---Do you mean to say you are in love with her?

LINDOR.

No, Sir---I--did not mean to say that.

BARON.

Well, that's very well---if you had---you should in all probability have had her for a wife; as you do not, I must look out for a son-in-law some where else, that's all.

LINDOR.

I assure you I did not mean———

BARON.

Make no excuse—a man who is good at making excuses is seldom good at any thing else. Here come the guards---get away---get away.

LINDOR.

Generous man. [*Exit.*

Enter ANNETTE.

ANNETTE.

The guards are here; my dear father, if my brother comes, we are lost.

BARON.

I'll manage them, my girl, never fear.

Enter Corporal and Dragoons.

BARON.

Well, gentlemen, what is your pleasure, or rather your business with me?

CORPORAL.

We are empowered to search for two young officers, lately engaged in a duel—one—your son.

BARON.

He is not here, Sir—but if you will refresh yourselves, I will go over the castle with you, and satisfy you that he is not here.

Enter PETER.

PETER.

Here are some Savoyards to sing, my Lord.

BARON.

Oh! admit them.

Enter, in Cloaks, with Instruments, ROSARA, ALBERT, STURM, NINETTE, *and* JEANNETTA.

QUINTETTO.

How weak is expression with truth to disclose,
The heart that with grateful sensations o'erflows;
Twangdillo, twangdillo, twangdillo,
No more shall love pining sit under the willow.

As the sailor who shipwreck'd revisits his shore,
Enervat'd is our joy, by the toils that o'er;
Twangdillo, twangdillo, twangdillo,
No more shall love pining sit under the willow.

ROSARA *(coming forward to Annette.)*

Annette.

ANNETTE.

Rosara.

ROSARA.

See who's here.

ALBERT.

Sister, 'tis I.

ROSARA.

Oh! see—behold.

ANNETTE.

'Tis Albert.

[*The Soldiers rush forward to seize him—she immediately catches the portrait from her bosom, and gazes on it.*

'Tis his portrait which I hold.

SOLDIERS.

'Tis well—'tis well—we thought him here.

PETER.

And so did I—I do declare.

BARON.

Come—Come, I'll now attend you,
To search the castle ronnd—

ALL.

'Tis well, Sir—we attend you,
The pris'ner must be found.

[*Exeunt Baron, Soldiers, Ninette, Sturm, Rosara, Jeannetta, Peter, and Albert.*

Manet ANNETTE.

But where is our young stranger in the midst of all this confusion?—there is something so nearly resembling my brother's description of Lindor, that I cannot help thinking it is him.—*(Enter Lindor.)*

Oh, Sir! are you here?

LINDOR.

Yes, Madam.

ANNETTE.

You ought to be very vain——I was thinking of you.

LINDOR.

Of me?

ANNETTE.

You only—you resemble him closely.

LINDOR.

Who, Madam?

ANNETTE.

Lindor.

LINDOR.

You think so—you are mistaken.

Enter ROSARA.

My dear, dear Annette—your brother is waiting for you in the hall.

ANNETTE.

I come—I must introduce you to him, Sir.

LINDOR.

I shall be happy indeed.

ANNETTE.

We are all happy now.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter JEANNETTA *and* PETER.

PETER.

And won't your cross good-natured papa consent?

JEANNETTA.

No! he says we must part.

PETER.

Part—Oh Jemini—tear the hivy from the hoak---the turtle from its mate—the miser from his gold—and then tear thee from me—I shall break my poor little miserable heart.

JEANNETTA.

Don't despair, whenever Jeannetta's resolved, it is not a trifle can turn her.

PETER.

No; in a good cause—you are as obstinate as a mule.

JEANNETTA.

But when we are married, Peter.

PETER.

Aye, then you'll be as quiet as a lamb—won't you—well, be a good girl, and don't mind a word what your papa says to you, for he is the damn'dest old sour ———

Enter JAUMBERT.

Sweetest dispositioned cretur that ever drawed breath.

JAUMBERT.

Who are you speaking of?

PETER.

You, Sir.

JAUMBERT.

The post-master says he delivered two letters to you this morning.

PETER.

I know he did—he gi'd me the pacquet—and I—ha, gotten it—here—La—I think I've lost it—Oh, no—here he is.

JAUMBERT.

And why did you not give this to the Baron, too?

PETER.

All from a good motive—I saw how much they were affected about a little letter—I thought such a big one as this would have played the very devil in the family.

JAUMBERT.

Stupid dog—come along.

PETER.

The stupid dog comes——Jeannetta—come with your stupid dog———here we come.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ALBERT *and* ANNETTE.

ALBERT.

And the stranger's name———

ANNETTE.

———Is Steinberg.

ALBERT.

Oh! I know him intimately well.

ANNETTE.

So much the better—love brought him here.

ALBERT.

Love—an ugly dog---why, he is married.

ANNETTE.

Oh, no.

ALBERT.

Oh, no---Steinberg is married.

ANNETTE.

This is his brother, then.

ALBERT.

He has none.

ANNETTE.

Will be convinced he's here.

Enter LINDOR.

ALBERT *(aside.)*

'Tis Lindor.

ANNETTE.

Well, Mr. Steinberg, here is my brother.

ALBERT.

Steinberg.

LINDOR *(aside to Albert.)*

'Tis the name I have assumed.

ALBERT.

Steinberg, I am glad to see you---my father's house will soon, I trust, become the temple of happiness.

LINDOR.

To see you in it is the greatest joy of my life.

ALBERT.

And to have Lindor near me, is the greatest happiness of mine.

ANNETTE.

Lindor——where is he?

ALBERT.

In your brother's arms. [*Embrace.*

ANNETTE.

What!

ALBERT.

Pardon me, dear Lindor, what is past.

ANNETTE.

This is joy indeed.

Enter ROSARA *and* BARON.

BARON.

All is lost—you are both traced and known—the guards are here.

CHORUS.

Enter Guards, Peasants, &c.

SOLDIERS.

Our duty compels us—we must be severe,
Behold both the pris'ners together are here. [*Seize them.*

CORPORAL.

Your name?

LINDOR.

Lindor—'tis I that alone am to blame.

ALBERT.

I the aggressor———

CORPORAL.

Part them—divide,
The king in his mercy alone can decide.

THE WOMEN.

Pity, pity—we implore.

SOLDIERS.

Away with them both—hear no more.

BARON.

To a father, what torturing minutes are these.

ALBERT *and* LINDOR.

'Tis I--'tis I should suffer.

CORPORAL.

'Tis alone as our monarch shall please;
No longer stay,
Away, away. [*They drag them asunder.*

Enter JAUMBERT.

JAUMBERT.

My Lord—my Lord, I humbly entreat your pardon, but here is a letter which should have been delivered to you before, it is probably of the utmost consequence, it bears the royal signet.

BARON.

The royal signet—give it to me, now, my poor boy, life or death. Oh, my child, my fate depends on yours!———'Tis the king's pardon for you both; here then end our sorrows.—Annette---Lindor---Rosara---Albert---be of my family---in the silent acknowledgment of deeds---not words---be our gratitude expressed where it is due.

FINALE.

As to May's ambrosial reign,
Fickle April yields the plain;
So to Hymen's happier hour,
Cupid yields his wayward power.

Care's capricious sway now o'er,
Fears and doubts perplex no more;
Love, with Virtue by his side,
Leads, with Roses crown'd, the Bride.

May each day with rapid wing,
New delights fresh transports bring;
Now in mirth the hours employ—
Sing of pleasure—sing of joy.

To the tabor's cheering sound,
Merrily beat the echoing ground;
Now in mirth, the hours employ—
Sing of pastime—sing of joy.

THE END.

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